LITTLE LITERARY LIGHTS

ART : LITERATURE : FLOWERS : MUSIC

AUGUSTIN S. MACDONALD

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PERSONAL PREFERENCES
IN
ART : LITERATURE : FLOWERS : MUSIC

BY

AUGUSTIN S. MACDONALD

Californiana, Verse by California Poets
Etc.

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ART

ART doesn't mean much unless you have a love and appreciation for it. A noted French author has defined it as "Nature viewed through a temperament"; it is a clairvoyant knowledge that cannot be easily acquired by education, the spirit of it may be cultivated a little but it must be inborn. Art, in itself, is the applied residue of meditation, contemplation and inspiration embodied in ideal settings. The story is told of Whistler who, upon hearing a critic state that he could see nothing in a certain picture, replied, "I feel sorry for him."

What memories the very word *art* revives of studios—ateliers—earnest and ambitious and, at the same time, free and careless Bohemian men and women—rich colorings—imaginative drawings—soul-stirring effects—impressionist dreams —soft tones and struggling efforts to depict inspirations—galleries, old masters and modern exhibitions,—all recall interesting hours and happy days, spent in a congenial atmosphere!

The highest art is for the initiated alone; it is only pictures that appeal to the public taste. The frothy drawing with simply a "story" and one with something beyond is the principal differ-

ence between a picture and art. The picture, that imitates or exhibits the mere externals of life, is the product of a painter and readily comprehended, but of which you soon grow tired and cast aside, while the work of art with an original conception that expresses something, the composition of an artist with creative instinct, you can live with and constantly read into it new meanings, for its pulse beats carry many messages for the receptive.

Art, in its many phases, has no effect upon those who fail to understand it and no attraction for those without sentiment. Many people pass a meagre, empty existence, indifferent to everything that does not affect their bare subsistence. One must, indeed, be a lover of nature, with its speculative promises, possibilities and contemplative, superhuman inspirations, to love art.

I admire the free, impressive work full of suggestion, with the poetic element predominant, giving the imagination full play—say color and suggestion rather than detail. The idealistic tinge pleases me more strongly than realism with its narrow horizon, which is usually either stereotyped or eccentric.

A man of talent can portray in paint a suggestion of the wonderful hidden secrets of nature, vitalizing their spiritual and sensuous values and forms—such canvases need no interpreter and are perfectly plain to kindred spirits having an affinity for the beautiful, who fully understand their poetry; on the other hand, conventional

scenes, even though true copies of life, do not appeal to one—they reveal nothing. Their etched subjects lack the rich quality of mystery so dear to the mature Cult with sensitive organisms and deep intuition.

It is the sense of imagery, the elevating instinct of light, the romance of symbolism expressed in shading, outlines and resplendent color of the sensitive dreamers that awaken delicious thoughts of interpretation, whose transition is felt rather than known or seen, and arouse the better feelings of the inner self.

True artists with essential molding force and inspired with a purpose, in the personal treatment from their point of view, express the best part of themselves in productions of this kind, using their lines rather in a subsidiary way to convey their real meaning and present a prophetic vision, radiating sparks of light, that appeals to the imagination and reaches a responsive chord that lulls our souls and harmonizes with our spiritual meditations, a reflection, making one forget in the process, drawing, paint and individual and losing oneself, without noting the line of demarcation, in the poetic mystery of color depicted on the canvas; theirs is a material recital of impressions that utter our wistful fancies.

In this ethereal mood, one is thrilled with feelings of satisfaction, rest and gratitude. It is, unfortunately, however, a language that speaks in accents of its own, understood by the few and resented by the many who neither see, feel nor

understand the intent of the artist. The idea has been beautifully expressed in a Chinese lyric by Pai Ta-Shun, a translation of which is as follows:

I would not paint a face
Or rocks or streams or trees—
Mere semblances of things—
But something more than these.

I would not play a tune
Upon the sheng or lute,
Which did not also sing
Meanings that else were mute.

That art is best which gives
To the soul's range no bound;
Something beside the form,
Something beyond the sound.

Good taste is not always to be discerned in the realm of art any more than culture is always found in good society. Aside from the Impressionists whose eloquent process of intangible studies in the expression of light and the Cubists' idea of reverting to the primitive methods of blocking out figures, an advanced set of restless enthusiasts have abandoned the old, conventional standards and introduced a lot of morbid hysterical impressions, radical ideas, riotous coloring and ostentatious innovations that are fairly revolutionary in their character; these are known under the various names of "Moderns," "Post-Impressionists" and "Futurists" whose peculiar efforts are carried to extremes and to many appear decadent in their abnormal phases.

If the main purpose of art, which touches every

side of human life, is to have an elevating influence in educating the masses in a love of the beautiful, in their crude attempts thus far they have failed in their mission and certainly have not solved the problem.

It is like analyzing the tinsel of which the costume is composed, rather than studying the honest motive or effect aimed to be produced by the artist. What they are endeavoring to accent appears purposeless and has already been accomplished by better and more intelligent methods. They have met with little responsive encouragement from either connoisseurs or the public.

Art may be applied to making the commonest domestic utensil beautiful, but there is no room in it for crazy-quilts or ugly illusions. Any puzzle will cause one to think, if that is the point, but the time consumed in working it out is usually thrown away as there is neither education, benefit nor remuneration obtained to compensate one for the diagnosis.

Their yellow, sensational attempt to visualize force and energy in brilliant prismatic effects and putting into form the reflection or vibration of objects, impossible to clearly define, is ludicrous.

This absurd movement, consisting of faint echoes of dissipated emotions, measures of discord, turpitude of genius, and a mass of complicated, kaleidoscopic hieroglyphics, full of hypercritical studies and extravagant ideas of no benefit to humanity, is only a waste of talent that

should be either housed in an international Wurtz Museum or served as fuel to a crematory.

A masterpiece in art is the triumphant creation of a genius who has succeeded in distilling the very essence of nature and blending with it the spiritual, as a medium for unveiling a miraculous, superhuman revelation for the soulful.

POETRY

ALL appreciative mortals dwell in harmonious peace, enjoy his rivulets of fancy and smile with the natural born poet. He is the great interpreter of the secret melodies of nature and the spirit of human nature as distinguished from the purely material or physical.

He is a dreamer who strikes a chord near the universal heart of life whose idealistic horizon is not bounded or influenced by mere practical problems. He sees and hears beyond the surface and appearance of things and brings out the tender possibilities, outside the boundaries or limitations of the commercial world, in lyrical sweetness and rhyme. To him the subtle charm of passion, low murmur of the wind, voice of the trees, the roar of the waves and silence of the woods all have a personality that stimulates inspiration.

He is really gifted with a tender, sympathetic, sensitive second sight, capable of recognizing the finer qualities that lie within the inner world, which he proclaims in radiant song, in an earnest endeavor to chant the rapturous music before the uninitiated and arouse dormant thoughts to which they otherwise would be insensible.

He is one of the glittering outposts of civilization, reading, translating and flashing the world's divine, soulful beauties of genius for the benefit of the multitude, whose limited intellectual capacity, not attuned to such advanced flights of the Muse, is scarcely capable of grasping the strains of his ethereal meaning; but the celestial process of refining must continue until there is a general awakening from their reverie to an exalted appreciation of the cultured essence of life.

In this materialistic age, where money-making predominates, a manifestation of sentiment seems to demand some kind of explanation, if not an apology:

There is many a self-abnegated person with lofty ideals and an unattractive exterior who has, down deep in his inner soul, a poetic streak of sentiment, hidden from the cold critical world, that no one suspects and is kept buried for fear of ridicule. Some anonymous lines I have express the feeling I am attempting to describe:

"There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard,—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird,—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May,—
Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts, may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.
Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!

Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, oh, beautiful friend!"

While poetry I have always considered as an art, at the same time I have looked upon it, in the light of a literary holiday, something to turn to in our less serious moments; for that reason, I have not always agreed with the standard authorities; for instance, while usually carrying a small copy of Horace in my satchel, when off on a jaunt, Homer does not appeal to me at all. I like Michael Angelo but do not fancy Dante, and while admiring Shakespeare, care nothing for Milton. I enjoy poems rather than poets—Gray's "Elegy," Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," Wordsworth's "Early Spring," Moore's "Fire Worshippers," Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Shelley's "Sonnets," Keats' "Odes," Heine's "Songs," the first two chapters in the Canticles of Solomon, the courage in Joaquin Miller's "Columbus," and pathos in Bret Harte's "Luke" or "Miss Blanch Says."

To any real lover of poetry, what a delightful treat is suggested by the names of Tennyson and Longfellow, Realf and Lanier, Villon and Baudelaire, Whitman and Poe, Coleridge and Blake, Francis Thompson and Hovey, Christiani Rossetti and Mrs. Browning, Swinburne and Morris, Verhaeren and Sill, Pushkin and Arnold, Aytoun and Motherwell, Byron and Pope, Herrick and those from the Orient, like Firdausi, Omar, Noguchi and Tagore, all of

whom have produced songs that appeal to the heart and inner consciousness.

There is no question that whether sung, spoken or written, poetry is the most refined form of human expression and difficult to analyze. The best definition of it I know is that of Stedman, who says, "Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul."

It is a realization as well as an interpretation of the melody of nature and the ideals of mankind. Shelley was inspired to write:

"The highest moral purpose arrived at in the highest species of the drama is teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind."

And this sentiment is applicable to poetry as well, for it is the very essence of the materials of which life is composed, and it is for this reason that the poet has always exercised such a supreme influence over the imagination of the people, for his song is full of enlightenment and the promise of better things.

The rare charms of poetry are only unfolded, its imaginative power interpreted and its delicious secrets revealed to the favored few initiated in the love and understanding of the beautiful in nature, who read between the lines the divine, melodious obligato of sentiment, accompanying the poetical expression, that appeals to the senses.

In its exquisite, imaginative, constitutional elements, as characterized in its various forms, full of caprice, poetry is the masterpiece of humanly created beauty.

ETCHERS AND ETCHINGS

OF THE numerous types of art, prints have, undoubtedly, benefited and appealed to more human beings than those of any other form, for, after all, they are so satisfactory. A taste for etchings evinces a predilection in favor of monotones and is always an indication of culture, for a person with a comprehensive perception and deep appreciation of the delicacy and significance of the lines of an etcher must have an insight and knowledge of the meaning of art and a love for the beautiful.

The most commonplace scene or object may be full of potential possibilities and clothed in sentiment and beauty if properly handled and brought out by an etcher, whose truthful conception and broadened horizon can point the way and make others see, through his eyes, the natural elements and feelings of sensibility underlying their exterior. It is his province and privilege to translate and carry the message heralding the beacon of clarity and revelation.

The zeal of pursuit in their acquisition, for first-class etchings are by no means as plentiful as good paintings, is part of the fastidious game,

and the possession of a prize, the reward of study, energy, training and discrimination.

In going through this collection, artists will be arranged in a rambling rather than chronological order. The great names that stand out in the earlier period of old prints are Rembrandt, Durer and Van Dyck, while those of modern times are Hayden and Whistler; these are the acknowledged masters of the profession.

Rembrandt is one of the immortals; he was a law unto himself; his imperishable witchery adorned and pencil illumined everything his master hand touched; his lines have life, a vivacity and personality in the rendering easily recognized and are infused with imagery and a significance of expression and technical skill that have been unsurpassed. His landscapes, like the "Three Trees" with its striking contrasts, or sacred subjects, as "The Annunciation" or "Christ Healing the Sick," are keen studies in light and shade, while portraits are usually of those tender homely types in which he loved to delineate character. "The Head of an Old Man" fairly glows with the light of intelligence and is invested with a spirit and dignity unrivaled in perfection.

A contemporaneous Flemish artist was *Van Dyck,* whose portrait etchings, with their economy of line and formal concentration of character, remain the most perfect models in existence. This severe ruffled-neck head of "Joannes Breughel" is a fair sample of his free-hand sketching.

Germany was the birthplace of etching and *Albrecht Durer,* endowed with an analytical insight into human nature, the founder. His methods were intense and work more complex in its nature, a seeming straining after elaboration, rather complicated, involved and ceremonious with an emphasis on the drawing and a certain prominent stiffness as exemplified in his "Melancholia" which seems overcrowded, obscure and surfeited with symbolism in its lesson and rather an enigma.

Claude Lorrain was a Frenchman of renown who made a series of vivid landscape studies, some of which have been pronounced the choicest ever produced; they appear, however, somewhat superficial, to have little meaning back of the scenes they so faithfully portray. His acknowledged masterpiece is entitled "Le Bouvier."

From Spain, we have the gifted *Fortuny,* whose brilliant dexterity with the pen is perfectly marvelous. He is dainty, decorative and full of poetry, and his "Idyll" of a shepherd boy sitting on a rural pedestal playing the lute, with the sheep lying in contentment at his feet, is superb and the most graceful figure I know of in etching. It fairly sparkles.

Another Spaniard was the erratic *Goya* who was almost revolutionary in his art and full of idiosyncrasies. He started an independent movement of freer composition that would have made him more popular if he had adopted it to less grotesque subjects, but his evil Bohemian career

led him into highly imaginative visions amounting at times to coarse caricature that, however fascinating, were too exaggerated anamorphisms to be altogether successful. "The Birdmen," showing men flying through the air with huge outspread wings like bats, is one of his most normal, while the cynical and caustic "Ignorance and Superstition Preparing to Depart before the Dawn of Reason," carries its own moral lesson.

Away to the Northland is a Scandinavian who has made his mark in the art world. "There are two kinds of artists—innovators and imitators," to the first school of which belongs *Anders Zorn,* the Swedish etcher. There is nothing set nor photographic about his figures; they are not only luminous but both narrative and dramatic and done with a simplicity and well-trained ease, in vital, vigorous free-hand lines, that, unless some study is given to their bold strokes, is apt to mislead one, for there is more than appears on the surface. Excluding "The Toast," the chaste, mythical figure of "Edo" arising from the mist on an enchanted island and "The Waltz" where the dancers are fairly swaying in their apparent movements are among the best. A countryman of his who has also made his reputation is *Carl Larssen,* with his "Girl's Back," like a silhouette, and "Lisbeth"; others are *Mas-Olle's* "Dalecarlia Peasants," a treasure, and *Magnusson's* "Violin Player," alive with animation.

Sohlberg, the Norwegian, is as rich and glorious in etching as in color, full of a spirit that

haunts and thrills and which you remember; there is a necromancy in the silver beams of his "Moonlight," while "The Cripple" is directly opposite in its simple treatment and broad scope. *Kavli's* "Little Child" attracts one by its light lines carried to a consummate finish.

One of the most original artists in Europe was *Meryon* who lived in poverty and died insane. He is noted for the odd architectural setting of his work with a severity and certitude of design. "L'abside de Notre Dame de Paris" is a model of its kind, encased in a framework of glistening water and fleeting clouds. His "Le Stryge" is the study of a Gargoyle perched on the eave of a building in Paris cynically contemplating the ever-changing flow of humanity below. Baudelaire, the poet, pronounced the "Perspective of San Francisco" as his masterpiece with "the natural solemnity of a great capital, the majesties of accumulated stone and the spires pointing a finger to the skies." This has quite an interesting history inasmuch as a pioneer French banker, F. L. A. Pioche, early in the fifties, had a daguerreotype taken of the city, in three parts; these he forwarded to Meryon in Paris with a *carte blanche* order to be sketched, which, despite the difficulties under which he labored, resulted in this excellent presentation.

Many of the members of the Barbizon school were experts; *Jacque's* famous etching, "La Bergerie Béarnise," was crowned by the French Academy; *Millet's* insight into the factors that

count as "The Woman with the Churn" or "The Gleaners." *Corot* evidently believed as Bjorkman that "Rules are made for those who do not think." His sylvan attempts never reached the fame that he made in color, and, although with a breadth and boldness that is fearless, in his "Environs du Rome" the primitive prevails. *Rousseau,* who wielded his pen with the vigor of a brush in "The Fisherman's Return" and *Daubigny,* in his "Ferryman" with the rift in the sky kindling an anaclastic glow of light in the background showing a reflex through the row of graceful trees, are distinguished for their merit and truth to nature.

Then *L'Hermitte's* realistic studies of peasant life, the talented *Legros* with his strong, vigorous "Passing Shower," the versatile *Bracquemond's* wild outdoor life of birds and animals, especially that entitled "The Hare," with its smooth surface texture, and *Appian* in his "Marais de la Burbanche," showing a bit of nature at twilight, calm and peaceful as the evening's quiet; but above and beyond them all is the irresistible *Lalanne* with his little genre gems, like epitomized impressions that gradually dissolve in the perspective; it matters not whether it is a stretch of beach—a record of harbors and quays or a gleam of rural landscape—they are all dainty, accurate, refined miniatures of which one never tires. He has a concentration of energy, subtle gradation of tone and supremely delicate blend that is scintillating and elegant. His "River

Seine" is susceptible of much sentiment and feeling in its gentle, poetical lines, that one can live with always.

The "Vase Antique" of *Jacquemart* is the best example of still life known—the mirrored reflection is curious and unique. *Lepere* exhibits much skill and dexterity in his composition, rapidly sketched without loss of value in a way that is interesting. For vivacious, cheerful work with an elaboration of detail none excel *Felix Buhot;* even his "Little Funeral" is attractive, for it is real life, and there is *Helleu* with his pretty heads, if you like that kind of beauty, and *Legrand's* "Petites du Ballet," the same pleasing kind, while *Rajon* was a distinguished portrait etcher.

Of the Dutch-Flemish etchers, *Van S'Gravesande* is entitled to the highest place, and his plate, "The Entrance to the Forest," one of the strongest, most profound and best impressions it has been my good fortune to come across. Its vigorous lines, deep shadows and virile appearance throughout attract and concentrate one's attention immediately. *Jongkind* is somewhat of a dilettante with a tendency to impressionism. His sunset, "Antwerp," is a fair example, with a visible fulness of subject and repletion of line. *Van Muyden,* who hails from Switzerland, is a lover of wild animals and has chosen etching, in which he has been eminently successful, as the medium of exhibiting their natural habits and characteristics. In this "Bengal Tigers" all the fierce, wild

nature of the beasts is brought out in carefully drawn, forceful master strokes.

The modern German school is represented by *Georg Jahn's* "Profile of a Maiden," marked with saintly expression and a warmth seldom attained; *Gundelfinger's* soft ground syncopated "Lowlands" distinguished for its resemblance to the stipple process, and *Kühne's* "Water Lilies" with a distinct, delicate touch.

Here is a lively, life-like glimpse of "Children at Play," with a young lamb gamboling at their heels—none but an Italian like *Michetti* could conceive anything so real and execute it so perfectly. The Austrian *Unger's* accuracy in reproduction is remarkable. His interpretation of the "Gold Weigher" is a magnificent study, *Schmutzer* is noted for his versatility, and for an original subject the Bohemian *Orlik's* "Japanese Woman" is unique. The Hungarians have *Hubert's* "Shepherd and His Flock" and *Prihoda's* "Those who Laugh," a fine plate.

At the head of the English school stands *Seymour Haden.* So much has been said in praise of his work that it would be impossible, by a lot of mere platitudes, to add anything to his reputation, suffice it to say that his "Shere Mill Pond" is generally conceded to be the masterpiece of etching. It is a noble effort at rivaling nature in one of its most picturesque attitudes; the combination of a pellucid pool, fringed with a dark foliage of reeds, reflecting the lengthening shadows of the tall poplars in the back-

ground, stirs a sensitive admiration and forms a picture never to be forgotten. It is full of sentiment, and the transposition of light and shade, in its suppleness and careful selection of line, seemingly playfully arranged, lends a rather fanciful mystery to the scene. In its completeness, it is a prophecy fulfilled and has a lasting finality that is soul satisfying.

Perhaps *Ruskin,* equipped with his thorough technical knowledge of art, is one of the most accomplished of English etchers. His "Pass of Faido" is a clear drawing of the Swiss Alps in light lines, without shadings or relief, a perfectly novel, harmonious plate that is certainly original in its treatment, but in which there seems to be something implied or lacking. *Rodin,* who has done some commendable sketches in black and white, like the charming "Printemp," for instance, states that "balance is the pivot of art," and that to me seems to be what is the matter.

The dominant note in *Frank Short's* "Low Tide" is simplicity; it is excellent in its distinct rejection of non-essentials and pure etching with but few significant strokes to outline the subject. It is fine in proportion and one of my favorites. While his style is unpretentious there is nothing superficial about it, but a sure sign of the mastery of the art. *Chattock* draws pleasing landscapes with winding rivers, castles and hills in the background, apparently for exhibition; his perspective is good but, altogether, he is rather conventional and conservative. *Samuel Palmer's*

"Ploughman" is displayed in a low key and has all the splendors of a nocturne; it quite resembles an engraving, and is typical of all his efforts.

Brangwyn is colossal and powerful and certainly has struck a new note. He impresses one with his immensity in everything he undertakes —his structures are lofty and figures alive.

Scotchmen who have made good are *William Strang* with his figures, especially that entitled "The Orchestra" and *D. Y. Cameron* in his Meryonlike drawings. The "Rose Window" is superb and "Notre Dame-Dinant" a sacred analogy that inspires reverence. *McBey* is one of the coming men. Color has been attempted in etching with indifferent success—the "Tambourine Girl" of *Le Rat* is acknowledged the most brilliant representation.

Engraving, the translation, interpretation and reproduction in explicit text-book form of the masterpieces of art, is considered rather old-fashioned, still there are many enthusiastic collectors and connoisseurs interested in it with well-filled portfolios. It is of two classifications—the fine line, in which most of it has been executed, and the dot or stipple process of which *Bartolozzi* was the leading exponent. In this small collection are included "The Sleeping Cat" of *Visscher* of which Bryan states, "This plate has never been surpassed in the technique of line engraving," and Sumner calls it "corypheus of the art." "Napoleon" by *Raphael Morghen,* "Shakespeare" by *Leopold Flameng,* "L'Homme a

L'Oeillet" by *Gaillard,* "Festival of Spring" by *Bartolozzi* and "Le Baiser" of *Deblois Fils,* all are satisfactory, skilful exhibits of the correlated versatility and magic influence that charms amateurs and professionals alike.

After studying the select European masterpieces in etching, the unlearned has a firm basis for his opinions, which, after all, are a mere matter of preference, and a standard for his judgment. While in America, we have not, as yet, risen to the high plane attained abroad, still we have done some very creditable work; but have not as yet established a national type removed from foreign buildings and bridges, and appear to be in the experimental stage, especially as far as printing is concerned. *Borein* of the West and *Bernhardt Wall* of the East seem to have struck original notes traced from native sources.

The most eminent etcher that America has produced is the eccentric *Whistler,* whose theories, according to his own estimate, were always right; at any rate, his concentrated effort has established him in the highest rank in the art world and his spontaneous output considered classics; while some are rather theatrical, there certainly is an ideal individuality about his plates that has created countless admirers. I have before me three—"Adam and Eve Inn," "Little Poultney," and "Flo." The first has a charming atmosphere, but his draughtsmanship is rather emphasized and an undue attention given to de-

tail—quite the antithesis of his later work as instanced in the second one, "Little Poultney," where there are only a few essential lines full of quality and suggestion. Such satisfactory results could only be achieved after long apprenticeship to more elaborate attempts—this is really a good example of what he terms the "art of omission"; the climax, however, is reached in the figure of the young girl "Flo," with its thin, misty, emotional element, where he has expressed himself in a soft, vibrant tone that is ethereal and Whistler at his best.

Duveneck also has arrived and his work a credit to the nation. In the old Venetian houses on the Canal, his texture and delineations are wonderfully clever and realistic; these plates are very scarce. "The Gloucester Fish House" of *Platt* unquestionably comes next. Then we must not overlook the women; it needs no spirit of gallantry to praise "The Goose Pond" of *Mary Nimmo Moran* which has much elaboration and painstaking minutia, while the delicate lines and graceful curves of the feminine figures of *Mary Cassatt* are delightful in the extreme. The most original studies that have emanated from America are those of *Anne Goldthwaite*—her dancing girls are full of motion and fairly leap from the pages, while nothing yet has appeared quite like "Montmartre."

"The Sounding Sea" of *Thomas Moran* is something different. His treatment of the crest of rolling, foamy waves is intensely interesting

and lifelike. The Cape Ann sketches of *Stephen Parrish* have been admirably done, but his "Mill Pond," with its dammed stream bordered on one side by the autumn foliage and the other by an old mill, is a glimpse of Arcady.

"A Rainy Day in Venice" by *Otto Bacher,* "An October Day" by *Swain Gifford,* and the veteran *Smillie's* "Good Night, and Sweet Dreams" are pulsating with sentiment and all too well known to need comment. The later productions of *Joseph Pennell* do not compare with his earlier work like this plate of "San Ghimignano," for instance, with its brilliant burst of light like a halo back of the ancient towers or his "American Venice." "Solitude" by *Vanderhoof* is the finest pure dry-point etching that has ever originated in the United States—the rugged grandeur of nature in its virgin state is impressive and well executed. *Maclaughlin* has made several graphic delineations of the Alps, while *Plowman, Peter Moran* and *Andre Smith* are all prominent and worthy of mention.

Of more recent Americans, there is nothing that surpasses the "La Port Guillaume" of *Allen Lewis,* with its vista of light through the dark archway; another plate of his of merit that is attractive for its deeply bitten burin is that of "An Old Woman Reading." *William Levy* in "The Patriarch's Prayer," *Wood's* "St. Jerome" and *Nordfeldt's* "The Jew of Tangier" are portraits in which the artists seemed to have breathed into their subjects the breath of life and among our

best. "The Sisters" of *Sturges* shows skill and delicacy, while "Winter in Jackson Park," *Pearson;* "Sand-Dunes," *Reed;* "A Chinese," a distinct type, *Wall,* and "Midnight Duty," *Higgins,* are all of relative importance.

In our compilation a couple of Canadians, who should not be overlooked, are *Frank Armington,* with his "Portal am Rothaushof, Rothenburg," and *Gagnon's* "Sant Agostino Canal, Venice," full of poetry. *Church's* "Cold Morning, Sir," and *Sloan's* "Fifth Avenue Critics" cover the breezy, humorous field that always appeals to Americans.

On the Pacific Coast, the profession being in its infancy, the work, to a certain degree, has been rather inconsequential; this is simply an elementary phase, however, for there are many encouraging creditable productions that command favorable consideration; among them we have *Partridge* with his "Dancing Water," strong and broad; *Harshe,* "San Lorenzo," rather Whistleresque; *Borein's* distinctly western "Cowboys and Indians"; *Borrough's* "Bohemian Grove"; "Russian River," *Lemos; Stackpole, Wilke, Pages, Piazzoni, Sparks, Partington* and a number of others, besides *Helen Hyde* and *Isabelle Percy* with their pictorial colored prints, and *Xavier Martinez* and *Perham Nahl's* weird monotypes. Two superior plates, of men identified with California, are *Washburn,* who shows to advantage in the "Stone Bench, Borda Garden," and *Haskill,* "To the Southward."

One thing we have excelled in are our woodcuts—clear, soft, refined impressions with well-rounded easy flowing lines and broken folds; unfortunately, this does not enjoy the popularity of its sister art. *F. S. King's* "The Sorceress" is the classical beauty of them all; *French's* "Bedouin Girl," *Wolf's* "Morning Star," *Cole's* "La Materinite," *Watt's* "Russian Lady," and *Wilhau's* "Pirate's Cove" are ornamental as well as technical. The art is relished by those who appreciate its broad sphere and mystic elements.

If there is any criticism to be made of American etchers, it is that some of them, not all, are too prolific; with their eye more on the temporary dollar than permanent reputation and where they produce too much, they cannot produce much good; therefore, there is little chance for mediocre, commercialized offerings to live.

We must not forget the art of Japan, for much of the inspiration of our foremost painters has been derived from these old prints and, omitting the exquisite rarities previous to 1800, those specially of such men as *Hiroshige, Utamaro, Hokusai, Kaiyonaga* and *Harunobu* all have a perfect unity and harmony and are full of the æsthetic and spiritual manifestations of nature. In making selections, one should be careful about the quality of the paper as well as perfection in the register. Lithographs, like mezzo-tints and aquatints, have received some attention from big men, more as a diversion however. *Oliver Hall's* "Moorland" is a fine modern specimen.

The process of etching consists of smearing a thin sheet of copper with a coating of wax and blacking it with smoke, through which the design is scratched with a sharp pointed steel, then the plate is placed in acid which eats or corrodes the exposed drawing. In dry point, no acid is used. Many amateurs have become enamored of the work and excel in it. *Dr. Hayden,* for instance, is ranked high above the professionals. The most delightful poetical definition of etching is that of *Vosmaer:*

"Know ye what etching is? It is to ramble
On copper; in a summer twilight's hour
To let sweet Fancy fiddle tunefully.
It is the whispering from Nature's heart,
Heard when we wander on the moor, or gaze
On the sea, on fleecy clouds of heaven, or at
The rushy lake when playful ducks are splashing;
It is the dawn of doves, the eagle's claw;
'Tis Homer in a nutshell, ten commandments
Writ on a penny's surface; 'tis a wish,
A sigh, comprised in finely chiselled odes,
A little image in its bird's-flight caught.
It is to paint on the soft gold-hued copper
With sting of wasp and velvet of the wings
Of butterfly, by sparkling sunbeams glowed.
Even so the etcher's needle, on its point,
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create."

AMONG MY BOOKS

LOVE my books. They have afforded me so much pleasure and real enjoyment in life that I would not part with my taste for reading for all the millions of a Rockefeller.

Books are read for various purposes—information, entertainment, inspiration or relaxation. They are a mental panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir; in leisure, traveling, sickness or sorrow—there is cheer and solace to be found in some volume.

It is with keen satisfaction that I look back and think of the numberless hours spent in their perusal and browsing in old shops—with what delight I always took up a fresh tome and how gratified if it proved worthy of preservation.

The one thing that grieved me most about them was when some good friend would borrow and fail to return a copy I had read and, perhaps, marked and valued beyond any other that could be purchased.

I, somehow, always wanted to retain the special book I had read. It became companionable, sort of reverential with the thrill of possession and personal to me. There was a friendly bond of

familiarity established and I could identify passages easily that had interested me, whereas a new one was not the same. People who do not care specially for books cannot understand this. A book to them is either for reference or something to devour and finish as soon as possible and then cast aside.

It is not now necessary to purchase twenty volumes to obtain the one particular copy you want. "Sets" are no longer fashionable as shelf decorations, which is fortunate, as there is no author whose work as an entirety is worth reading.

Apropos of this, Ambrose Bierce once told me that when in London, the publishers kept after him for material all the time. He said they would print anything he offered, even his laundry list if he had sent it, and there are many wash bills of authors printed.

Fads in first editions and choice, expensive bindings simply create and encourage artificial conditions for the special purpose of obtaining high prices. The story is told of a woman who purchased all her volumes bound in blue, irrespective of the subjects treated in them.

I have long since devoted my attention to the contents of books rather than their exterior dress or other marks of distinction and am perfectly willing to share a good thing, especially if beneficial, with the rest of humanity; in fact, that is one of the great pleasures of knowledge and possession. I believe with George Macdonald that

"If instead of a gem, or even of a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving, as the angels, I suppose, must give."

Many lists of the best books have been issued, but with the "Bible," "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis, "Dissertations" of Epictetus, "Meditations" of Aurelius, "Essays" of Montaigne, Bacon and Emerson; Shakespeare, Thoreau's "Walden" and Bryant's "Collection of Poems"—these ten volumes as reading matter, a person could lead an ideal life, from a literary standpoint.

Great character builders are "Resources" by Kirkham; "The Human Machine," Bennett; "Every Man a King," Marsden; "Power of Truth," Jordan; "Do Something," Kaufman, and "Self-Measurement," Hyde. No man can read these without being better, no woman without being stronger.

After the ancient classics come that charming lot of old English essayists—Lamb, Macaulay, Hazlitt, Hunt, Swift, Addison, Johnson and De Quincey; the Germans—Heine, Goethe and Richter; the French—Saint Beuve, Lamartine and Daudet; Maeterlinck, the Belgian; Stevenson and Carlyle, the extreme of Scotchmen; Tolstoi and Turgenieff, Russians; Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Walter Pater, Symonds, Carpenter, the Englishmen; Sheehan, Sharp and Yeats, Irishmen, and our own Benjamin Franklin, Hawthorne, Lowell, Alger and Reverend Spalding.

The Journals of Maurice de Guerin, Amiel, Bashkirtseff and that entitled "Journal of a Recluse," Boswell's "Johnson" and Evelyn's "Diary"; the Letters of St. Francis and St. Augustine, and those delightful studies of nature by Burroughs, Thoreau, Whitman, Muir, Mitchell, Jefferies, White, Walton, Mabie and Van Dyke.

Books that entertain as well as afford much pleasurable reading and are full of culture, sentiment and refinement are "Humor of the Undertman," Francis Grierson; "In the Key of Blue," Symonds; "Miscellaneous Studies," Walter Pater; "Ecce Puella," Sharp; "Winged Destiny," Fiona Macleod (Sharp); "Iolaus" or "Towards Democracy," Carpenter; "The Book of Tea," Okokura; "Gitanjali," Tagore; "Under the Cedars and Stars," Sheehan; "Prose Fancies," Le Gallienne; "Peace and Happiness," Lord Avesbury; "Laurus Nobilis," Vernon Lee; "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin; "Virginibus Puerisque," Stevenson; "Wisdom and Destiny," Maeterlinck; "Glimpses of Truth," Spalding; "De Flagello Myrter," Garnett; "Friendships of Women" and "Genius of Solitude," Alger; "The Celtic Twilight," Yeats; "White Hyacinths," Hubbard; "Dreams," Schreiner; "Reveries of a Bachelor," Mitchell; "Sketch Book," Irving; "In a Club Corner," Russell; "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Holmes; "Earth to Heaven," Vaughan; "Fantastics and Other Fancies," Hearn; "Kakemono," Edwards; "Musi-

cal Sketches," Polko; the prose of Edward Rowland Sill; "Beside Still Waters," Benson; "My Musical Memories," Haweis; "Strenuous Life," Roosevelt; "Memoirs," Moore; "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," Giessing; "Adventures in Life and Letters," Monahan; "Studies in Shakespeare," Richard Grant White, and "Characters and Events of Roman History," Ferrero.

Or, those touching upon nature like "Field and Hedgerow," Jeffries; "Birds and Poets," Burroughs; "Dreamthorp," Smith; "Natural History Selbourne," White; "Social Life of Insects," Fabre; "In the Sierras," Muir; "Under the Trees," Mabie; "My Study Window," Lowell; "Specimen Days," Walt Whitman; "Complete Angler," Walton; "Little Rivers," Van Dyke; Audubon's "Life"; "Outdoor Papers," Higginson; "Gray Days and Gold," Winter; "The Hive," Maeterlinck; "Kinship of Nature," Carman; "Poetic Interpretations of Nature," Shairp; "Country By-Ways," Sarah Orne Jewett, and "Adventures in Contentment," Grayson.

In drama one should familiarize himself with: Æschylus, "Prometheus Bound"; Sophocles, "Antigone"; Euripides, "Medea"; Aristophanes, "The Clouds"; Shakespeare, "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice" and "King Henry the Fourth"; Goldsmith, "She Stoops to Conquer"; Sheridan, "Rivals" and "School for Scandal"; Lytton, "The Lady of

Lyons"; Moliere, "Tartuffe" and "The Misanthrope"; Racine, "Phèdre"; Corneille, "The Cid"; Rostand, "Chantecler"; Goethe, "Faust"; Lessing, "Minna Von Barnhelm"; Schiller, "Wilhelm Tell"; Hauptmann, "The Sunken Bell"; Ibsen, "Ghosts" and "The Doll's House"; Strindberg, "Swan White"; Gogol, "The Inspector-General"; Lope de Vega, "Star of Seville"; Calderon, "Mayor of Zalamea"; Maeterlinck, "The Blue Bird"; Shaw, "Man and Superman"; Kennedy, "The Servant in the House"; Browne, "Everywoman"; Noyes, "Rada"; Synge, "Riders to the Sea"; d'Annunzio, "Francesca da Rimini"; Roberts, "The Foot of the Rainbow"; McGroarty, "The Mission Play," and the farces of Wm. D. Howell, "The Mouse Trap"; Henry James, "Daisy Miller," and John Kendrick Bangs, "A Proposal Under Difficulties"—in these suggestions may be found action, passion, character and humor in all the phases of comedy and tragedy. I have omitted those dramatists whose eternal ironical search of vice and cynical analysis of problems of lust are nothing more nor less than sensational literary dissections catering to unhealthy, morbid appetites.

It is not the province of this paper to touch upon novels or general literature. Suffice it to say that for pure diction and analysis, I consider Henry James our foremost American novelist, with Marion Crawford and Wm. D. Howells close seconds. I remember one time congratulat-

ing a foreigner on his correct use of the English language. He informed me he had acquired it by reading the works of Henry James.

Those who are familiar with California authors have much admiration for them. All the world knows of Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, John Phoenix and John Muir, but how few have read the "Outdoor Philosophy" of Kirkham, "Comfort Found in Good Old Books" of Fitch, "Meditations" of Griggs, "The Ephebic Oath," McAdie; "Training of the Human Plant," Burbank; Poems of Sill, Realf, Markham, Sterling, Coolbrith, Cheney, Bashford and Smith, or a host of other writers of whom the State may well be proud, whose work and reputations promise much for the literary future of the commonwealth.

Many entertaining volumes may be found in psychology, economics and sociology which are not touched upon here. I do not enter upon a full narration of my choice of books, but most of them are tender, sympathetic, optimistic studies of nature and human nature, available to all, that will afford one, of a reciprocal character, an extended knowledge and fuller achievement of the subtle truths, duties and doctrines underlying life. There is no more satisfactory thing in existence than to enjoy the good things the Lord has provided for us and to know and understand our own kind.

"Without a love for books, the richest man is poor."

MUSIC

MUSIC, whose tonality is the universal, impassioned tongue of mankind, is the most emotional and far-reaching of all the arts. It is something that cannot be described, but to be thoroughly enjoyed must be not only felt but understood. There is a solace and charm about it that cannot be explained.

I have always pitied those whose hearts its sweet tones do not reach, whose souls its magic chords fail to arouse, whose celestial charms are a dead language. How much of the spiritual in life they miss, they know not. Over me, it weaves a mystic spell whose influence is as soft and angelic as the thoughts of Heaven—quiet, tender and peaceful.

I remember the first time I ever heard the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana." It was a magnificent string orchestra specially gathered for the occasion, working as a harmonious aggregation in a congenial environment of instrumentation. In the old Grand Opera House, the lights had been lowered—there was not a sound —a hush had stolen over the whole audience, and silence reigned supreme. We held our breath in expectation, when there came timidly, gently

stealing over us the vague, timbre, modulated opening strains of the violins awakening a reverie of fairyland, like fanciful clouds, filling us with emotion.

Away across the dress-circle, in the shadows of the dim light, you could see the eager, strained faces of those who listened with responsive hearts, beating in unison with the slow divine melody, magically performed, whose heavenly spirit made one dream of Paradise—all seemingly bound by a single, sympathetic conscious tie until the final notes of the 'cello, followed by the death song of the violins—then a pause—a flutter—a sigh of relief from the bewitching tones and mysterious rhythms; we relaxed, straightened up, released from their magnetic influence and alive to our surroundings.

It is significant that music is identified with God! The churches have absorbed some of the most soul-stirring, heart-reaching songs and pensive ecclesiastical measures to express and interpret the meaning of their service and in praise of the Almighty.

Two of the best definitions of music I have ever heard are by churchmen. Bishop Spaulding says, "Music is the food of the soul in all its most exalted moods"; while Reverend Sheehan has expressed his admiration of it in "Music is the lost chord that has strayed hither from Heaven."

There is so much to choose from, where one's mission is simply introductory, that it is difficult

to state a preference, but, if limited to a few pieces for all time, those that awaken the senses, stimulate the imagination and establish a feeling of kindred are, for instance, on the deep-toned 'cello, my favorite instrument, Breil's "Song of the Soul," Rubinstein's "Melody in F," Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Hauser's "Cradle Song."

Violin—Schumann's "Traumerei," Dvorak's "Humoresque," Mendelssohn's "Concerto in E Minor," Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois," Herbert's "Yesterthoughts," Massenet's "Meditation," Raff's "Cavatina," and Saint-Saën's "Le Cygne."

Piano — Liszt's "Liebestraum," Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat," McDowell's "To a Wild Rose," Chaminade's "The Flatterer," Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," and Seeling's "Loreley"; any of these haunting harmonies, in the hush and stillness of a twilight mood, should satisfy the innate cravings of the heart.

There is such a wealth of harmony in symphony music that I often wonder why those pieces that combine melody with technique and inspire enthusiasm in sincere listeners are not more frequently played, if only simply to awaken interest in the unenlightened and serve as a hint and introduction to the more complicated compositions; like, for instance, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Mendelssohn's overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Bach's "Air in G String,"

Wagner's prelude "Lohengrin," Rubinstein's "Reve Angelique," Tschaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony," Grieg's "Morning," Haydn's "Military Symphony," Mozart's "G Minor Symphony," Dvorak's "Largo" and other similar themes.

All are more or less partial to band music, reed instruments with soft undertones like the "Dance of the Wood Nymphs" by Sak and "Danse Choinoise" by Tschaikowsky.

String orchestra—"Barcarolle," Offenbach; "Intermezzo," Mascagni; "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," Liszt, and "Venetian Love Song," Nevin, all of which have a soul in them pouring itself out in enraptured thrills.

Ballet Music is universally enjoyed, especially the waltz from "Faust"; also, "Amaryllis," Ghys; "Kossak Dance," Ascher; "Pizzicato," Delibes; "Minuet," Mozart; "First Heart Throbs," Eilenberg; "Scarf Dance," Chaminade; "The Butterfly," Bendix; "Dance of the Hours," Ponchielli, and "Funeral March of a Marionette," Gounod.

It is these light gay tones with a grace and delicacy of movement that enliven and keep up one's spirits and appeal to the taste of the average person.

California is not lacking in musical genius; among our original composers who have created melodious strains that will live, are Edgar S. Kelley, William J. McCoy, Edward F. Schneider, Wallace Sabin, J. W. Metcalf, H. J. Stew-

art, Fredrick Zech, Clifford Paige, E. G. Strickland and Uda Waldrop, while a popular librettist is Joseph D. Redding.

The term "Musical Circles" is a phrase that has impressed me with more profound meaning than that usually intended. To me it appears as a series of spheres encompassed within each other and having little kinship or influence upon their independent neighbors, representing the knowledge, sentiment and appreciation of the various strata of musical humanity. The outer circle is the basis and embraces the largest number, for it is made up of those, unsophisticated, who enjoy melody mingled with joy and mirth, often containing much that is trivial in character; then comes those filled with intensity struggling to comprehend and study its various forms, followed by the ambitious destined for a career; then the soulful spirits lost in dreams of inspiration, and so on, to the inner, smaller and more exclusive circles, made up of the masters of technique, some of whom attempt original work and others satisfied to paraphrase or add variations to the compositions already in existence of the great composers.

As you approach the center ring, the chords apparently grow more sombre and technical and require a proper interpretation to be appreciated by an untrained ear but the most overwhelmingly popular circle will always remain the outer; for there is to be found the simple music of expression that reaches the heart of mankind and

that, after all, is more lasting and satisfying, if not beneficial, to the world in general than the weird chords of any genius.

Music is not a luxury but a God-given quality that penetrates all circles of humanity, creating genuine human happiness, of inestimable value, that is instilled into the hearts of the people without discrimination.

How cold, tame and insipid in expression are words in comparison with music!

SOME NOVELS

WHAT a world-wide recreation novels have afforded the multitude! There is much solace, as well as entertainment, obtained from them—perhaps much of their amusement is accounted for in the fact that they depict life, delineate character and describe situations and emotions that most of us have dreamed for ourselves or similar experiences for which we have secretly longed and contain much delightful uncertainty that creates romance.

As a rule, however, their meaning lies on the surface and there is an absence of the deeper purpose of life—their principal aim appears to be to invest the ordinary matter-of-fact details of life with complicated ideals and varied romances that awaken interest and arouse curiosity sufficient to peruse a volume to the end.

They analyze, criticise and ridicule life in its various aspects but, as a rule, give no illuminating theories of reform nor offer any solution of the many problems involved, leaving one in an unsatisfactory, perplexed state—the exposure of an evil being held all sufficient; something more, however, should be demanded in the way of a suggestion for a remedy.

People of little or no knowledge or taste in literature make up the majority of the vast audience served by the writers of sensational fiction; the unfolding of a delectable tale, whose plot is commonplace and climax predetermined, impresses them like a galvanic spell, soon, however, exhausted; that these readers suffer mental indigestion and are fickle is shown by the early relegation of this much-advertised, overworked, pernicious food, which discriminating book-lovers don't buy and whose popularity is soon tested, to the rear rows and the accumulation, in a few months, of a huge quantity of back numbers in the second-hand shops with a constant demand for fresh material to devour, for the transient life, depending upon advertising and forcing, of a "Best seller" is short and strenuous, as it lacks lasting, permanent qualities.

It is only the novels with dramatic, analytic and synthetic powers that paint human nature as it is that survive, and those offered recently seem to be devised more for the cerebellum than the cerebrum.

This is not a critical dissertation on literature, for the world is filled with books on books, but over a wide range of reading I have selected the following as the most interesting and entertaining to chat about.

In juvenile literature there is a quartet of boy's books: Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues under the Sea," Marryat's "Masterman

Ready," with Alcott's "Little Women," Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," and Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca" for the girls, and "Arabian Nights," La Fontaine's "Fables" and Andersen's "Sand Hills of Jutland" for them both. How many happy hours have been spent by youngsters poring over these stories! "John Halifax Gentleman" by Miss Mulock should be placed in the hands of every young man—the patient and successful career of this self-made man is a worthy and interesting study, as also that patriotic lesson contained in Hale's "Man Without a Country."

A novel of sentiment without being softly sentimental is "Memories" by Max Muller—tender and beautiful with a charming atmosphere of affection. The most delightful love story I know of is from the Hindoo entitled "A Mine of Faults" by F. W. Bain; another is "Graziella" by Lamartine.

Perhaps the most complimentary thing that can be said about Scott is that he is an author's author and his two great works, in my estimation, are "Ivanhoe" and the "Heart of Midlothian." Undoubtedly more popular with the crowd is Dickens with his "David Copperfield" and "Pickwick Papers" in which is displayed his versatile humor.

The novelist who has helped me most is Thackeray. His style is inimitable and "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" an education in human nature. Closely allied to him is Balzac

with his masterpieces "Le Pere Goriot" and "Eugenie Grandet," and then George Eliot's "Adam Bede" and "Mill on the Floss." In Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" is a soliloquy on life and death that is exquisite and may be read and reread. Fielding's "Tom Jones" is thought by many to be the best novel ever written, but I prefer "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas or Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

There is a long line of historical novels of which the best are Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," a poetical picture of the life in that city just before its doom; Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," a wonderful description of Paris and the French Revolution, without a single French phrase in it. Scott's works are full of historical references, perhaps the most accurate picture being that of the times of Louis XI in "Quentin Durward"; "Ben Hur" by Wallace, a biblical tale; "Aspasia" by Hamerling, showing the life of the Hellenic people at the height of their glory; Eber's "Uarda," a tale of ancient Egypt; "Marius" by Walter Pater, a prose poem of Roman life written in the purest English.

The "Semiramus" of Peple, "Salambo" of Flaubert and "Quo Vadis" of Sienkiewicz are all good, as are also Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," Thackeray's "Esmond," Muhlbach's "Empress Josephine," Abbott's "Mary, Queen of Scots," and Froude's "Caesar," while Churchill's "Richard Carvel," Irving's "Astoria," Lummis's "Spanish Pio-

neers" and Parkman's "Oregon Trail" represent interesting American periods.

An amateur lover of history who reads these novels will obtain more entertainment and better ideas of the past centuries than he can get from most histories, for the periods, characters and events have been discriminately selected for their picturesqueness as well as for their action and the facts relating to them and handled and presented with a semblance to truth in a readable, entertaining manner. It is an easy way of assimilating knowledge which, after all, is gained by the general reading public more from literature than history. Their trend is dramatic and carries one far away from one's immediate surroundings.

Books full of adventure and strategic maneuvers, that keep one in a continuous state of excitement, are numerous. I place the "Three Musketeers" by Dumas at the head of the list; Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" and "The Pilot," Weyman's "The Gentlemen of France," Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Pattie's "Narrative" are full of fire; then there are the old romances of "Don Quixote," Cervantes; "Gulliver's Travels," Swift; "Sentimental Journey," Sterne, and "Travels of Baron Munchausen."

Those of Bohemian life are: "Trilby" by Du Maurier and "The Beloved Vagabond" by Locke, and for humor none surpass Charles Lever's "Harry Lorequer" or "Tom Burke of

Ours," Lover's "Handy Andy," and Mark Twain's "Roughing It." Thrilling detective tales that arouse your curiosity and keep you in a fever of expectation are Gaboriau's "File No. 113," Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," and Katherine Green's "House with the Green Shutters."

Of character analysis, the most popular are those of George Meredith, "The Egoist" and "Ordeal of Sir Richard Feverel" which also contain much humor—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" by Stevenson, "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Bronte, the "Anna Karenina" of Tolstoi and "On the Eve" by Turgenieff. The best of the German works are Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," Richter's "Fruit, Flower and Thorn Pieces" and Heine's "Reisbuilder." Others novels worth reading are, Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," Hardy's "The Return of the Native," "Tom Brown's School Days," Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics"; "Macleod of Dare," Black; "A Window in Thrums," Barrie, and those simple charming characters in "The Fear of Living" by Bordeaux, the sweetest tale of mother love in fiction; "Abbe Constantin" by Halevy, "An Attic Philosopher," Souvestre; "Paul and Virginia," de St. Pierre, and "Crime of Sylvester Bonnard" by Anatole France. A tragedy is "Crime and Punishment" of Dostoïeffsky.

Of our American novels, Henry James uses the choicest diction. His best are, "The Ambassadors," "Portrait of a Lady," and "Spoils of

Poynton." One may obtain a good idea of Howell by reading "An Indian Summer" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and Marion Crawford in "Saracinesca." Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is the New England tale; Page's "In Ole Virginia" of Virginia; Cable's "Old Creole Days" of Louisiana; Westcott's "David Harum" of the Middle West. "Ramona" by Helen Hunt Jackson belongs to California, and Bunner's "Story of a New York House" is typical of life in the metropolis; while "Colonel Carter" by Hopkinson Smith is a regular Southern character.

Novels of Western adventure include "Over the Pass," Palmer; "Light of Western Stars," Grey; "Whispering Smith," Spearman, and "Gold," Stewart White.

"The Last American," by J. A. Mitchell, is a study which every American should read. Two political novels are "The Price of Place" by Samuel Blythe, exposing political methods in Washington, and "The New Mayor" by Broadhurst, showing civic corruption in municipalities, while those with a keen analysis of modern society are "The Goldfish" by an anonymous author, "The Husband's Story," Phillips, and Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth."

Professor Leonard, of Harvard, states that there has been produced in the United States during the past twenty-five years but three novels entitled to rank as classics: "The Octopus" by Frank Norris, "Call of the Wild" by Jack Lon-

don and "The Conquerors" by Gertrude Atherton—all California authors, by the way.

When you are tired of problems, history and adventure, turn for comfort and ease to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," George Macdonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Anthony Trollope's "Dr. Thorne," and how restful you will find these old-fashioned stories of a bygone age in which, nevertheless, human nature was pretty much the same as it is to-day!

OUR GARDEN

LORD BACON wrote, "God Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks."

It was the Rev. P. A. Sheehan who said, "Flowers are the sweetest thing God has made and forgot to put a soul in," and to those who love them what a wonderful source of recreation they are and what a comfort and pleasure in our hours of ease! They speak a language that is only interpreted by those who understand and appreciate their beauty and modest sentiment.

In all her forms, Nature makes no more brilliant display than in the almost continuous kaleidoscopic coloring of their blossoms which, added to their soft, redolent fragrance, gives one as close a touch of Paradise as it is permitted mortals to enjoy.

Our garden consists of about an acre of sweet-scented trees, shrubs, vines and flowers—one of God's acres it might appropriately be termed, for it is a tract dedicated to show off the best in

Nature He has provided for us to feast our eyes upon.

How many delightful hours it has afforded us, from the first flowering of the orange-colored Kerria Japonica, in early spring, to the lingering farewell of the purple bloom of the Heather in winter! I am thankful to be gifted with a sense of their value and feel sorry for those so dense as to be dull or ignorant of their pleasure-giving qualities.

What a song of contentment they sing to the interested, what a field of wonder and revelation to those who have penetrated their secrets! For flowers we should bless the Lord every day of our lives. How dreary life would be without them—a void 'twould be impossible to fill, and can only be estimated by imagining their total annihilation.

With the awakening of spring, the garden suddenly takes on new life—evidences of renewed vigor are shown everywhere in the bursting buds, peeping leaves and delicious aromatic odors of the season.

About the first of the shrubs to flower is the Kerria Japonica, a deep, rich orange in color, closely followed by the Tamarix Africanus, a light pink flowery shrub without leaves; with it comes the light graceful Forsythia or Golden Bell, a canary yellow, and then the Deutzia and Rosea Weigela, a mass of pink, then the Syringa or mock orange and the Spirea Marie Van Hauteii in their white blossoms, and the red and

yellow wild currants; the lavender Lilacs and the tall yellow Laburnum and purple Canadensis or Judas tree, with their grape-like bunches of flowers hanging in great clusters, and the flowering Japanese Quince and Crabapples.

The Genestas or Broom, the yellow Spanish and maroon Andrea; then the Abutilon or Golden Fleece, with its bell-shaped flowers; the ever-blooming variegated Lantanas; the blue Plumbago and the Datura or Angels' Trumpet, and Viburnum or snowball with its white balls; the sweet-scented yellow Jasmine, pink Oleander, the dark yellow Berberis Darwini, Halesia or Silver Bell, Habrothammus Elegans variegated, yellow Cestrum and red Callistemon or Bottle Brush, the Crataegus or Christmas Berry, and then the shrubs noted for the coloring of their leaves like the Mahonia or Oregon Grape, Golden Elder and Silver Thorn.

Like all others, we take much pride in our roses, of which we have several hundred varieties. A great favorite is the single shell-pink Irish Elegans, the red Jacqueminot and Marie Henrietta, pink Caroline Testaut, and La France, yellow Marechal Niel and Cloth of Gold, the copper Gold of Ophir and Sole d'Or, the white Madame Druski and La Marque; the largest of them all, red Paul Neyron and white Mildred Grant; the smallest Cecil Brunner and Bankshires; the climbing red Olga de Wurtemburg, yellow Cloth of Gold and pink clustered Dorothy Perkins.

Scattered all about the place, over the fences and about the buildings, are the vines. The brilliant Bougainvillia, purple Clematis, red Trumpet Vine, violet Wistaria, Honeysuckle, Dutchman's Pipe, Pea and Clianthus; and then the annuals like Dahlias, Hollyhocks, Sunflowers and Sweet Peas; the old-fashioned plants, such as Heliotrope, Rosemary, Lavender, Mignonette, Marguerites, Geraniums, Carnations, Fuchsias and Calla Lilies.

Scattered here and there are the flowering trees —the red Japanese Cherry, purple Paulownia Imperalis, and white Almonds, pink and blue Locusts, red Eucalyptus, yellow Acacia, pink Albizzia, red Chestnut, and white Aziria; also may be included those with beautifully colored leaves like the purple Beech, silver Birch and Japanese Maple; and we must not forget the tall privet hedge that encircles the yard or the everblooming yellow border leading to the house of yellow Hypericum which attracts the attention of callers, or the Violet, Daisy and Pansy beds.

There is always much to do, but then the pleasant hours of budding, grafting, pruning and transplanting and the fun of watching things grow and bloom and the interest you take in the weather conditions, to say nothing of the houseful of blossoms, will amply reward you. It is a delightful, restful, health-giving occupation, mentally as well as physically.

In Japan they never ask for a man's house, but inquire the way to his garden.

LITTLE LITERARY LIGHTS

SHORT stories I have always considered the vaudeville of literature, to be indulged in during our moments of leisure. They are a regular panacea for ennui and their brief, efficient, pithy, active composition a tonic for the weary, mentally or physically.

We start in childhood with lullabies, fables and folk lore and a real admirer of narrative never outgrows the form or tires of vivid, homeopathic sketches of art. They contain the essence of life in an abbreviated shape and illustrate rather than detail their incidents, presenting a view rather than a description of the subject under discussion, which, in this busy age, is quite satisfactory to the majority of readers who wish the mass of trivial details offered in the modern novel, through which they refuse to wade, eliminated, and are looking for the maximum quantity of plot in the minimum amount of space; and there are many gems among these pastels appreciated by lovers of good literature.

Turgenieff is the recognized leader in the shorter form of prose. In his "Old Portraits" he gives an excellent view of the ancient Russian

customs, but his best efforts are what is termed his "Poems in Prose," epitomes of sentiment. Similar in style and quality is Gorky with his "Tales of Two Countries." Of the other Russians, Tolstoi, to me, with his tragic realities, has always been ponderous. It is acknowledged that he has had a hard road and up-hill fight and his efforts show it in his pieces like "Where Love Is, There God Is Also," and "A Candle." Pushkin is popular, and one of his best is "The Shot." A younger author is Andreiyeff, whose tale entitled "Silence" is one of the strongest and most powerful I have ever read.

Not any of the stories from the North have much, if any, humor in them. From Scotland we get Stevenson's psychological tale of "Markheim" and Maclaren's "Doctor of the Old School," one of sentiment; the Scandinavian "Fisher Lassie" by Bjornson, "Love and Bread" of Strindberg, "Adventures of Nils" by Selma Lagerlof, and "The Two Friends" by Kielland; the German "Maria Francisca" of Heyse, and "Fountain of Youth" of Baumbach.

The Irish tales in themselves are rather weird; as, for instance, William Butler Yeat's "Kidnappers" or "The Wayfarer" of William Sharp (Fiona Macleod). The more typical stories are those of William Carleton.

In the sunny South there is more dreamy action. Take "A Tragedy" by Antonio More, and "The Poet's Christmas Eve" by Pedro de Alcarean from the Spanish, "The End of Candia"

by Gabrielle d' Annunzio, or "College Friends" by Edmando De Amicis from the Italian.

The home of the short story, where it thrives and has received the attention of the greatest artists, is France—for it is there looked upon as an art and considered a school or profession in itself. To name the masterpieces is to enumerate the renowned authors of that country.

First comes Alphonse Daudet in his inimitable style with "The Death of the Dauphin," "The Francs-Tireurs," and many others too numerous to mention. Like him follows Guy de Maupassant with "The Necklace" and "The Piece of String"; Balzac's "The Hidden Masterpiece," Gautier's "The Mummy's Foot," Merimee's "The Venus of Ille," Hugo's "Fight with a Cannon," Souvestre's "The Virgin's Godchild," Coppee's "The Louis-D'or"; then Halevy who has sketched in "Blacky" and "The Circus Charger" —delightful anecdotes of animals of which he was, evidently, fond; or, the dainty bit by Bertrand entitled "Madame De Montbazan," or "I take Supper with my Wife" by Gustave Droz.

The French create an atmosphere, whose artificial construction is so masterful, that one becomes absorbed in it as though in fact it was an actual reality and follows the trend of the incident to the end.

The English, too, like the abbreviated tale and have many excellent writers. With them, though, it has been more of subject than style to which they have devoted their laborious attention.

Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and "Cricket on the Hearth" will likely remain for all time the most popular of English short stories, as also George Macdonald's "The Light Princess," "Walton Redivivus" by Thomas Hood, "The O'Connors" by Trollope, "The Snobs" by Thackeray, "Rab" by Dr. Brown, "The Two Householders" of Quiller-Couch, "Dilemmas" by Dowson, and "The Happy Prince" by Wilde. Old-fashioned stories are Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and Miss Mitford's "Village Tales." "The Caldron of Oil" by Wilkie Collins, "The Stickit Minister" by Crockett, "Passing of the Third Floor Back" by Jerome, and "Magpie Over the Hill" by Galsworthy are all good, while "Alpyarius Island" by H. G. Wells, "A Benefit Performance" by Jacobs, and Hope's "Dolly Dialogues" are truly humorous.

Much of the sentiment and life of Japan has been brought out in the sketches written by Lafcadio Hearn, two of the best of which are "The Soul of the Great Bell" and "The Case of O-Dai." Redesdale's "Tales of Old Japan" are more typical. An idea of the Chinese stories may be had from the translations by Geo. Soulie of the "Ghost in Love" and "Childless." While Hearn brought out the native sentiment of Japan, Kipling confined himself principally to the foreign life of India. His tales have been made famous, especially "The Man Who Would be King," "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," and "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi."

Some ancient stories that have managed to retain their interest and popularity through the course of time are: "Abelard and Heloise," "Aucassin and Nicolette," "Sylvie: Souvenirs du Valois," and those fables from the national epics like the "Iliad," "Odyssey," "Æneid," "Beowulf," "Nibelungenlied," "Cid," "Volsunga Saga," "Lusiad," those of the Orient, and "Robin Hood."

What more beautiful tale is there than "Ruth," or more comforting than that of "Job," from the Bible?

A modern class of authors has sprung up recently whose writings are in rather a short, sharp, concise, staccato form of crystallized thought, clearly defined, among whom are Chesterton, Belloc, Leacock, Huneker, Dunsay and Merrick. They would not do for continuous reading, but should be picked up when one feels like having some refreshing mental tidbit.

Of Jewish stories, Zangwill writes "Anglicization" and "The Sabbath Question in Sudminster" as comedies, which prompts one to inquire what must their tragedies be like. Of the Yiddish type are "The New Tune" and "The Dead Town" by Isaac Perez—mournful notes, full, however, of hope.

Some years ago, one of the magazines offered a prize for the twenty best American short stories, which was won on the following list I submitted: Washington Irving, "Rip Van Winkle"; Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Snow Image"; Edgar

Allan Poe, "The Murder in the Rue Morgue"; Mark Twain, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog"; Thos. Nelson Page, "Marse Chan"; Bret Harte, "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; Charles Warren Stoddard, "Chumming with a Savage"; Frank R. Stockton, "The Lady or the Tiger"; Richard Harding Davis, "Gallegher"; Charles Dudley Warner, "A Fight with a Trout"; Mary E. Wilkins, "The Revolt of Mother"; J. S. Stimson, "Mrs. Knollys"; Ambrose Bierce, "A Horseman in the Sky"; Joseph G. Baldwin, "Ovid Bolus, Esq."; George W. Cable, " 'Sieur George"; Ruth M. Stuart, "The Widder Johnsing"; Henry Cuyler Bunner, "Love in Old Clothes"; Thomas B. Aldrich, "Marjorie Daw"; Bayard Taylor, "The Chiropodist"; Joel Chandler Harris, "Rabbit and the Fox."

These are merely a preference to which might be added "The Mountain and the Sea" of Eugene Field; "Next to Reading Matter," by O. Henry; "The Bachelor's Christmas," Robert Grant; "Mule Artillery," John Phoenix; "The Ploughed Land," Mary Austin; "Breaking Into Society," George Ade; "Chimmie Fadden," E. W. Townsend; "New Year's Resolutions," by Mr. Dooley; "The Corpus Delecti," Melville Post; "Battle of Acoma," C. F. Lummis, and "The Gilded Man," by Bandelier.

A man enjoys action and mystery. The best men's stories are: "The Two Householders," by A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Youth," Joseph Conrad;

"In the Midst of Life," Ambrose Bierce; "With the Night Mail," Rudyard Kipling; "Love of Life," Jack London; "The Permanent Stiletto," W. C. Morrow; "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," Mark Twain; "The Sheriff of Gullmore," Melville D. Post; "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Edgar Allan Poe; "Alpyarius Island," H. G. Wells; "The Diamond Lens," Fitz-James O'Brien, and "The Contented Man," Ivan Turgenieff.

Women prefer sentiment and problems. The best women's stories are: "Death of the Dauphin," by Alphonse Daudet; "Meh Lady," Thos. Nelson Page; "The Revolt of Mother," Mary E. Wilkins; "A Case of Conscience," Mary Austin; "The Widder Johnsing," Ruth McEnery Stuart; "The Necklace," Guy de Maupassant; "Case of O-Dai," Lafcadio Hearn; "The Lady or the Tiger," Frank R. Stockton; "Silence," Leonidas Andreiyeff; "Passing of the Third Floor Back," Jerome K. Jerome; "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens, and "Ruth," from the Bible.

I have avoided selections from long works as it is a field in itself and would take in an army of writers. The foregoing covers reading for all moods and includes everything from the tragic to the humorous. They are as delightful almost as personal intercourse and certainly more restful and companionable and serve the purpose of making a spare half-hour profitable and enjoyable.